

Into the Abyss by theinkspotch

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Summary:

Basically what went through Mike's head before El saved him from falling to his death at the quarry in episode 6

Into the Abyss

Mike Wheeler had never before wondered what the so-called *face of death* looked like - never *cared* to wonder, really. Death was just one of those things he ignored - he always figured he wouldn't have to worry about it for a long time, anyways.

Not that long of a time, apparently.

Turns out, death looked just like him - a reflection of Michael Wheeler, age 13, staring back up at him, distorted and dark in the reflection of the lake hundreds of feet below.

He was vaguely aware of Dustin screaming his name, pleading with him. His friend's voice was nothing more than an echo, quiet and insignificant in the very back of Mike's mind as he gazed down at the abyss.

The quarry.

The quarry where they found Will's body, bloated and cold and blue and so *disgustingly* un-Will-like that Mike found it offensive. That *thing* wasn't his Will - *his* Will smelled like sweet lilac laundry detergent and second-hand smoke, *his* Will grinned big and bright and happy, *his* Will hummed songs Mike didn't know under his breath as he drew.

His Will was *alive*.

Except he wasn't.

Because Will Byers had fallen into the quarry and died.

That's what the newspapers said. The news stations, too. It's what Mike had seen with his own two eyes.

Mike stared down at the water below him, dark and unmoving. The

wind whipped his clothes, sent shivers down his spine - it beat against him, pushing him towards the edge of the cliff, *urging* him. How did it feel, hitting the water, he wondered. Was it quick, painless? - Or had Will felt every bone shattering, felt the breath rip out of his lungs for the last time? The thought made Mike's heart clench, made him want to scream into the quarry, raspy voice echoing off of the cliff, rippling the painfully still water below.

You'll know what its like soon enough, the Mike in the water seemed to mouth at him.

It was Troy's voice that snapped him out of his thoughts, made him remember just what he was doing on this cliff.

"Dentist opens in FIVE..."

Will was gone, El was gone, even Lucas was gone.

Mike couldn't bear the thought of losing Dustin too, would rather die than see that asshole Troy cut out his teeth with that old hunting knife.

"FOUR..."

That's why I'm standing here, though, isn't it? Mike thinks. *To die.*

His reflection stared back up at him, the Other Mike - the boy in the water. *Calm.*

"THREE..."

Numb was more like it.

"TWO..."

This is how Will died, he thinks. In the depths of the abyss. The abyss that was about to swallow Mike whole, dark and unforgiving - not a ripple in its glassy surface.

Mike Wheeler was going to be the ripple in the water.

"ONE!"

He stepped off the cliff.

Author's Note:

This was kind of just something I wrote at random after seeing a post about it on tumblr! Tell me what u think if you want :))

send me prompts on [my tumblr](#) if ya want, I write ask box fics !